

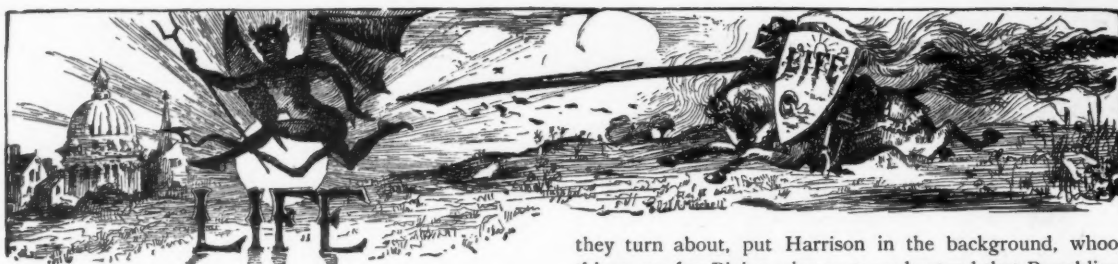
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IN A BOSTON STORE.

She: AND WHAT IS THE PRICE OF THIS ONE?

He (cultured): SEVENTY DOLLARS. IT IS MORE EXPENSIVE ON
ACCOUNT OF THE—ER—TWISTED MEMBERS.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XII. AUGUST 16, 1888. No. 294.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$15.00; Vol. II., bound, \$10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., and XI., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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THE Foreigner Who Has Come to Write a Book has been in a desperate quandary ever since the arrival of James G. Blaine upon his native heath. "You tell me," he said, turning his carefully indexed note-book over to the *Pol.* page, "that Benjamin Harrison, who is termed 'the Grandson'—for what reason I cannot understand, since most men are grandsons also—is the candidate of the Republicans for the Presidency, and yet we hear from the Republican leaders, the Republican newspapers, and the rank and file of the Republican party of nobody, nothing, but Blaine. Who is this Blaine, and what is his official standing?" When the Foreigner Who Has Come to Write a Book is informed that Blaine is the person who wrecked his party the last Presidential year, and who refused to take any chances in this campaign, preferring to operate a very transparent martyrdom dodge, and hold aloof for four years, when the Republic will, perhaps, have forgotten some of his sins, and he will be able to appeal to the lust of office of the eight-year "outs" upon the prestige of his present modesty and its alleged consequences, perhaps that Foreigner Who Has Come to Write a Book will be a trifle astonished. He may even opine that the Republican party is an ass.

AND it really would be interesting to know just what Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis, Indiana, thinks of the Blaine boom. To be sure, he was asked to come on from his village home and participate in the festivities, and we have little doubt but that the returned prodigy would have been glad to drag the Grandson at his chariot wheels up Broadway; and yet the Republican managers could not well contrive a more successful method to bring contempt upon their candidate. "What are they giving us?" the Mugwump might ask, were he acquainted with the vocabulary of Mr. Barney Biglin, Mr. Johnny O'Brien, Mr. Mike Dody, or any other of the Republican "leaders." "Our movement in 1884 was a protest against Blaineism. Now they ask us to give them back our suffrages because they have nominated a man untainted with Blaineism. Then

they turn about, put Harrison in the background, whoop things up for Blaine, give us to understand that Republican success means Blaineism, and think they have fooled us." Election Day will show how successful such methods are in an intelligent community.

A FRIEND of Mr. Blaine is authority for the statement that the alleged Grand Old Man of the Grand Old Party prefers to have his name go down to posterity, linked with Henry Clay's and Daniel Webster's as not having been President of the United States, rather than to have the name of Blaine coupled with an office which in conversation, he would have it believed, has been belittled from having had among its incumbents two or three historical nonentities. The remarkable thing about this is the way in which a voting majority of the American people seems to agree with Mr. Blaine in at least part of his preference. This agreement of opinion may be expected to continue for the next four years, in spite of the Fabian policy to which the Maine politician has resorted; and as the years roll by, the janitor who has charge of that particular niche in the Temple of Fame where the names of Clay and Webster are engraved, will be making up his mind whether or no there is room for a word of six letters which rhymes wonderfully well with the name of the State from which its owner hails.

AFTER a gallant fight against the final enemy General Sheridan has been obliged to surrender, and his death almost completes the glorious list upon which the names of Grant, McClellan and Hancock are prominent. "Little Phil" will always hold a place in the hearts of his friends as well as in the pages of history. He was a man as well as a soldier; he had a warm heart as well as a strong head. Perhaps Sheridan got more popular glory out of the Rebellion than any other soldier, and this is due to the same reason that has resulted in the immortalization of the heroes of Balaklava: while other men as brave as they are forgotten—his story, like theirs, was told in living verse.

"Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,"

will last as long as the history of the Republic, and Sheridan's memory is bound to be thus ever kept green.

THE International Copyright bill that passed the Senate two months ago has been reported by the Judiciary Committee in the House. If the House passes the bill, Congressmen may expect to figure more creditably in the pages of fiction hereafter. Otherwise they are likely to fare worse.

A TRIOLET.

THEY entered the train
With no thought of disaster.
'Twas a tunnel in Maine—
They entered the
train,
And the transfer was
plain
Of a bit of court-plaster.
They entered the train
With no thought of disaster!

Elizabeth Ballou Walling.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

FOR THE FISHERMAN—Castanet.
FOR THE LAWYER—Lyre.
FOR THE POLITICIAN—Organ.
FOR THE WHIST-PLAYER—Trumpet.
FOR THE HORSE-JOCKEY—Hautboy.
FOR THE TOPER—Horn.
FOR THE LAUNDRESS—Flute.
FOR THE PAWNBROKER—Jewsharp.

H. V. S.

A MARKED IMPROVEMENT.

"YES, boys," said the retired naval officer, as he returned his glass to the bar, "the navy is improving. For instance, there is not so much drunkenness now as there was when I was in it."

"No, indeed!" shouted the boys.

AXIOMS.

BORN TO RULE—A
book-keeper.

HE "WHOOPS 'EM UP"—
The cooper.

STICKETH CLOSER THAN
A BROTHER—A porous-
plaster.

AWAITING ITS TURN—A
buckwheat cake.

WHEN is a despondent
lover like a tumor? When
he is cut out.

IRONY—The wit of the
laundry.

NOT EXPRESSED
JUST RIGHT.

"I AM so glad your sis-
ter enjoyed her visit
to us, Mr. Smith."

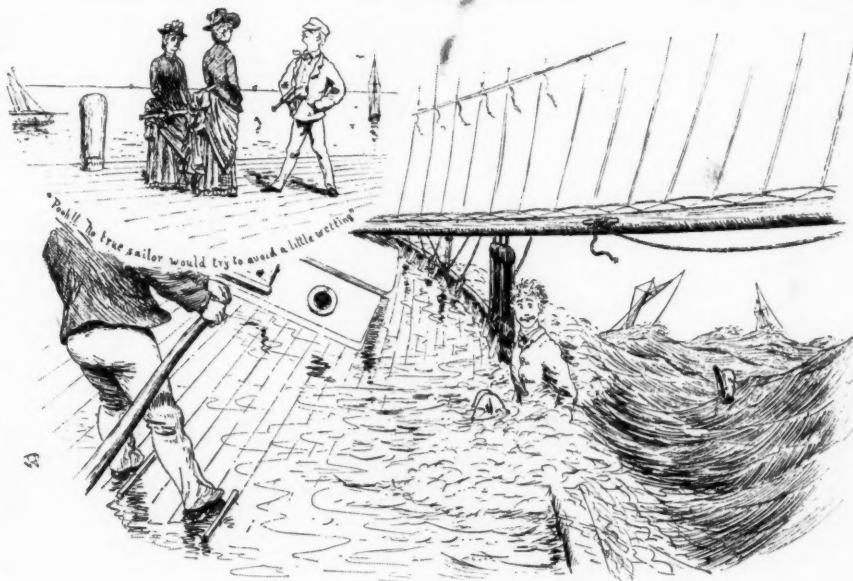
"Oh, well, you know, she
is the sort of girl who can
enjoy herself anywhere, you
know."



AT THE SUMMER HOTEL.

Mrs. Livingstone (to her sons, whose well-brushed hair and clothes contrast with their unwashed faces): WHY, BOYS, WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE YOUR BATHS THIS MORNING? MARIE SAYS YOUR TOWELS AREN'T EVEN UNFOLDED, AND YOUR PITCHERS ARE FULL.

One of the Boys: WHY, MAMMA, IT SAID ON OUR DOOR, "NO WASHING ALLOWED IN THE ROOMS;" SO, OF COURSE, WE COULDN'T TAKE A BATH.



YOUNG S——, THINKING IT UNSAILORLIKE TO SHIFT HIS SEAT TO AVOID A LITTLE WATER, ENDEAVORS TO RETAIN HIS COMPOSURE AND NAUTICAL EQUANIMITY WHILE ON THE LEEWARD SIDE.



"A SEA CHANGE."

THE sea,
A maid,
For bath arrayed.
Oh—not afraid!
A bold advance,
A look askance,
A dip,
A squeal,
A stocking heel.

* * *

THE *Sun* has proved conclusively that a bet made on a certainty is invalid. In that case all the bets on the Presidential election may as well be called off at once.

* * *

THE only good Indian is the cigar-store Indian.

* * *

PRINCE WALDEMAR would do well not to accept the Bulgarian throne without a five-year's contract and a guarantee that his salary will be paid.

* * *

THE latest sensation on Saranac Lake was the capture of a supposed wild man. The guests of the hotel found him on the mountain-side gesticulating wildly and speaking in an unknown tongue. When caught he apparently could not understand English, but continued to pour forth a torrent of incoherent jargon. It was discovered, however, that he was simply a man from Indiana reciting one of James Whitcomb Riley's dialect poems.

* * *



Before

OUR FRESH AIR FUND



After

THE success of our Fresh Air Fund is doubtless the cause of as much satisfaction to our generous readers as it is to ourselves. And these joyful sensations are largely due, probably, to the fact that the sight of little children playing upon hot city pavements and hard doorsteps in summer always rubs our ideas of justice in the wrong direction, as country life and country air seem theirs by every right. It is their place and they should be there. The addition of three dollars to this fund may seem an unimportant matter, but it sends another little one to enjoy for a fortnight a life which he, or she, might otherwise never know at all.

Previously acknowledged	\$3,081.47
M. C. P.	6.00
Herbert C. Pell	20.00
Donald and Clement	3.00

Ezra P. Mills	\$6.00
E. L. M.	3.00
For the Fresh Air Fund	1.00
B. and B.	3.00
"In His Name"	3.00
Mite Box, A. and C.	6.00
Peggie, of San Rafael	12.00
E. C. P.	3.00
Alice and Maurice	10.00
Cara Mia	3.00
Muser Fritz	2.00
Teddy	1.00
Harry	1.00
Chico	1.00
Mac	1.00
Nantucket, Mass.	3.00
Alice, R. C.	3.00
Miss L. M. S.	1.00
Leslie	5.00
H. M. B.	10.00
Elise, Eleanor and Jessie	3.00
Mary C.	2.25
Cash	3.00

Proceeds of Children's Fair given by Miss Emma Harding, assisted by the Misses Mabel, Mattie and Grace Smithors, at Long Beach, L. I., Saturday, July 28, 1888

From the Children's Friend, St. Paul, Minn.	72.50
Daisy	3.00
Robby and Freddie Inglehart	3.00
"Louisiana"	3.00
The Kensington, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	3.00
Edw. O. Russell	2.00
Reader	5.00
S. R. M.	10.00
Nicholia Club, Nicholia, Idaho	24.00
D. J. A.	5.00
Ethel H.	1.00
Neitah and I	6.00
Geo. W. Nash	15.00
C. C. C.	3.00
"Baby Dula"	3.00
"In His Name"	3.00
Tita	5.00
Peter the Pirate	3.00
Bessie H. Knapp	3.00
Ernest F. Henderson	10.00
W. H.	10.00
A. J. Outerbridge	10.00
E. R. H.	10.00
S. S. C.	3.00
Fair in aid of the Fresh Air Fund held at cottage of Mrs. J. B. Burbank, Siasconsett, Mass.	144.00
S. E. C.	3.00
K. C.	3.00
For His Dear Sake	3.00
Mrs. C. V. B. O. Bristol, R. I.	3.00
Rec'd from London, England	97.00
J. W. R.	3.00
C. B. B.	3.00
E. S. C. H.	3.00
Ethel E. Hooper	3.00
Gamblers	5.00
One of the Whistlers	3.00
E. H. W.	3.00

Total, \$3,691.22

* * *

IT is reported that the *Christian at Work* has "taken on" the *Cosmopolitan*. Whether the result will be an Indigent Believer or a successful Man of the World is a question for time to solve.



TWO BOOTHS IN VANITY FAIR.

THE POET IN NEW JERSEY.

HE presented his bill,
And I could not evade it ;
In valley, on hill,
He presented his bill,
With stinging ill-will ;
And with blood, sir, I paid it.
He presented his bill,
And I could not evade it.

A. A.

PERHAPS.

HE: I am so fond of pets of all kinds that I often tell my friends I would rather have a farm with a lot of pets than a husband, because I am sure I should like the former, and am very doubtful about the latter.

HE: Yes, and it is so much easier to get.

HAD A HARD NIGHT.

CALLER: Your little dog doesn't look very well this morning, Mrs. Hobson.

MRS. HOBSON: No, poor little fellow! The baby's crying kept him awake all night. He barked until nearly morning.



THE PLACE OF HOME IN AMERICAN FICTION.

THOSE who read current American fiction must have noticed how small and insignificant a part is played in it by the American home. It is the great summer hotel, or parlor car, or steam yacht, or Atlantic liner, or Continental *pension*, or any other of those devices by which Americans seek to get as far away from home as possible, which is chosen for the setting of our pleasant tales. As a consequence, the American is too often depicted as acting a part which is not natural. He is either aping manners and customs which are not his by inheritance, or scoffing at them in a very disagreeable way. He is, no doubt, in this capacity a fit subject for satire.

But take him where he is at home, where he has achieved success from very humble beginnings by sheer force and shrewdness, where he has gained the confidence of his neighbors along with his riches, and there you will find him a more admirable character, and his daughters more lovable and refined, and his wife not so much an object of laughter as of admiration or, perhaps, of tears.

FOR there are hosts of American homes of the right sort, where mother, father, and children are united into a compact and influential social unit by affection, respect, and even something of reverence. The struggle of such a family for fortune and position is not the sordid thing which fiction-writers have so often depicted. There spring from these homes, every day, most beautiful examples of self-denial, mutual aid, self-help, and almost heroic endeavor. It will not do to satirize continually the rising man or the rising family; in them are boundless hope, new ideas, progress, and rich variety.

* * *

THE other side to this picture is furnished by the largest cities, where lonely and homeless young men struggle on to selfish and luxurious middle age, or sink into pitiful poverty. These furnish our writers of fiction with too many types—perhaps because they are most familiar with that side of life. So long as homeless men and women are the chief characters in our novels, we can expect that only the surface of our national life will be touched by them.

Contrast with ours the great masters of English fiction—Thackeray, Meredith, George Eliot. They give you heroes and heroines surrounded, for good or ill, with relatives of various degrees of lovableness or the opposite. You see how large a part the home plays in human destiny for success or failure; you see how large a part it plays in love; you watch its gentle influences or its sad limitations to the very end of the story.

* * *

EVERY man knows in his heart that this is the right point of view for any acute observer of life and manners. Yet Mr. Howells has been almost alone in adopting it, to a degree, here, and he has given us a number of beautiful family pictures, perhaps none more genuine, and almost pathetic, with all its humor, than the *Putneys*, of Hatboro', in "Annie Kilburn." Such American homes make the heated atmosphere and false sentiment of Edgar Saltus's "Eden" seem a horrid nightmare, and not a picture of life.

Droch.

NO CAUSE TO WORRY.

OLD LADY (to conductor on Southern railroad): D'ye think, Conductor, we'll git to Shacknack on time?

CONDUCTOR: We're an hour late now, ma'am; but the engineer got a quart bottle filled at the last stop, so I don't think you need worry. We won't be much behind.

THEY HAD MET BEFORE.

HE (at Saratoga, tenderly): I think I have met you before, Miss Smith; your face is very familiar.

SHE (coldly): Yes, sir; and those goods that you warranted would wash I tried to give away to my maid.

And then the silence became so wide and solemn that you could hear them pumping gas into the mineral springs.

NEWPORT NOTES.

AUGUST 13, 1888.



BETTER prospects are opening and things in general seem at last to be waking up a bit. One or two dinners and private entertainments have served to remind us that the grave is not our goal—that is, for the present, and quite a number of new turnouts have appeared upon the avenue, although I grieve to be obliged to state that the occupants of said turnouts are nearly all strangers, stolid and portly, with "Chicago" written all over them in big letters, and when they meet an old resident they always give him a stare that as much as says: "Why! whatever are you doing here, you little cuss?" Even the last dance at the Casino was quite well attended and did not suggest the burial service quite as vividly as usual; in fact things were so jolly that even I got into the spirit of it and tried

to waltz, but on attempting to reverse my cork leg turned half way around and I had to stop and sidle away, and some vile wretch had the poor taste to call me a crab.

Speaking of crabs reminds me that you ought to see my new horse; he is jet black with a snow white muzzle and looks as though he had been on the point of shaving himself but was called away before he had time to wipe the soap off his face. I tried a coat of shoe-blackening on it and thought I had conquered the difficulty, but the brute rubbed his nose against the groom's face while they were waiting in front of the club, and the dear chappies haven't got through laughing at it yet.

Everything seems to be going wrong with me at present. Among other things I've just been refused again, and I am taking the matter very much to heart. It is strange that I don't get more used to being refused considering the number of years I've been at it, but the present case I must confess was rather exceptional for she had given me no end of encouragement, in fact she had even gone so far as to name her dog after me and I couldn't help feeling that that was very pointed; to be sure the dog was a nasty little wretch no larger than a wharf rat, and so covered with long shaggy hair that you couldn't tell his head from his tail and never knew which end of him was going to bite you, and he was forever reminding me of the story of the boy whose trousers were just as full in front as they were behind, so that a little way off you couldn't tell whether he was going to school or coming home. But to return. Considering the amount of encouragement she had given me, I was—as you can readily imagine—tremendously taken aback when on that fatal night she drew herself up and sternly said, "No, it can never be! Never! For a man who can tie a large toy balloon to my poor little dog's tail, and then with a perfectly smooth face watch the poor little beast as he follows me up the crowded avenue with only one end of him on the ground—such a man, I say, is a villain and a hypocrite, and I can never be to him more than a distant acquaintance." That seemed to settle the matter and so I left.

I am rather grateful to her, however, for not offering to be a sister to me, as I am rather "long" on that kind of sister. Sisters are a poor thing anyway, they know all your weaknesses and don't appreciate your good qualities, and as I said before, I pass. I got square with the dog for nipping my heels, however, and on second thought it strikes me that the dog got square with me, too. Never mind, I'll put a porous plaster over my heart and pull through all right; so don't worry about me.

R. K.



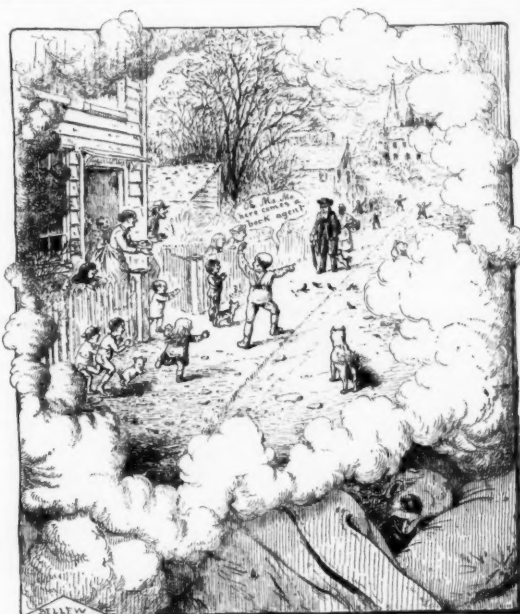
A CORRECT DICTUM.

Jones: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR FACE, CHARLEY?

Charley: I'VE JUST BEEN SHAVED.

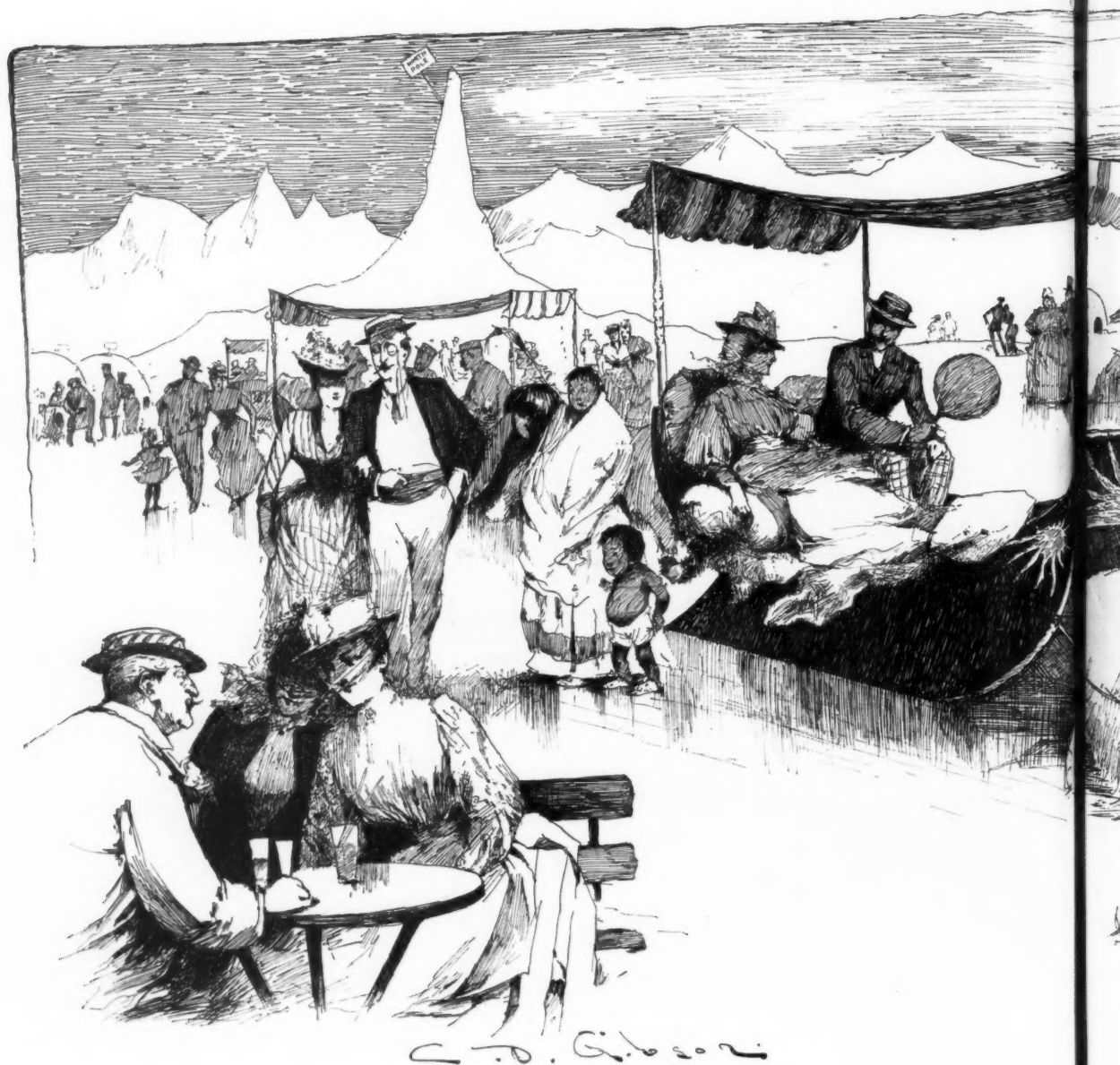
Jones: WELL, THE MAN WHO HACKED YOU IN THAT WAY MUST BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST FOOLS ON EARTH.

Charley (earnestly): HE IS, JONES—HE IS; I SHAVED MYSELF.

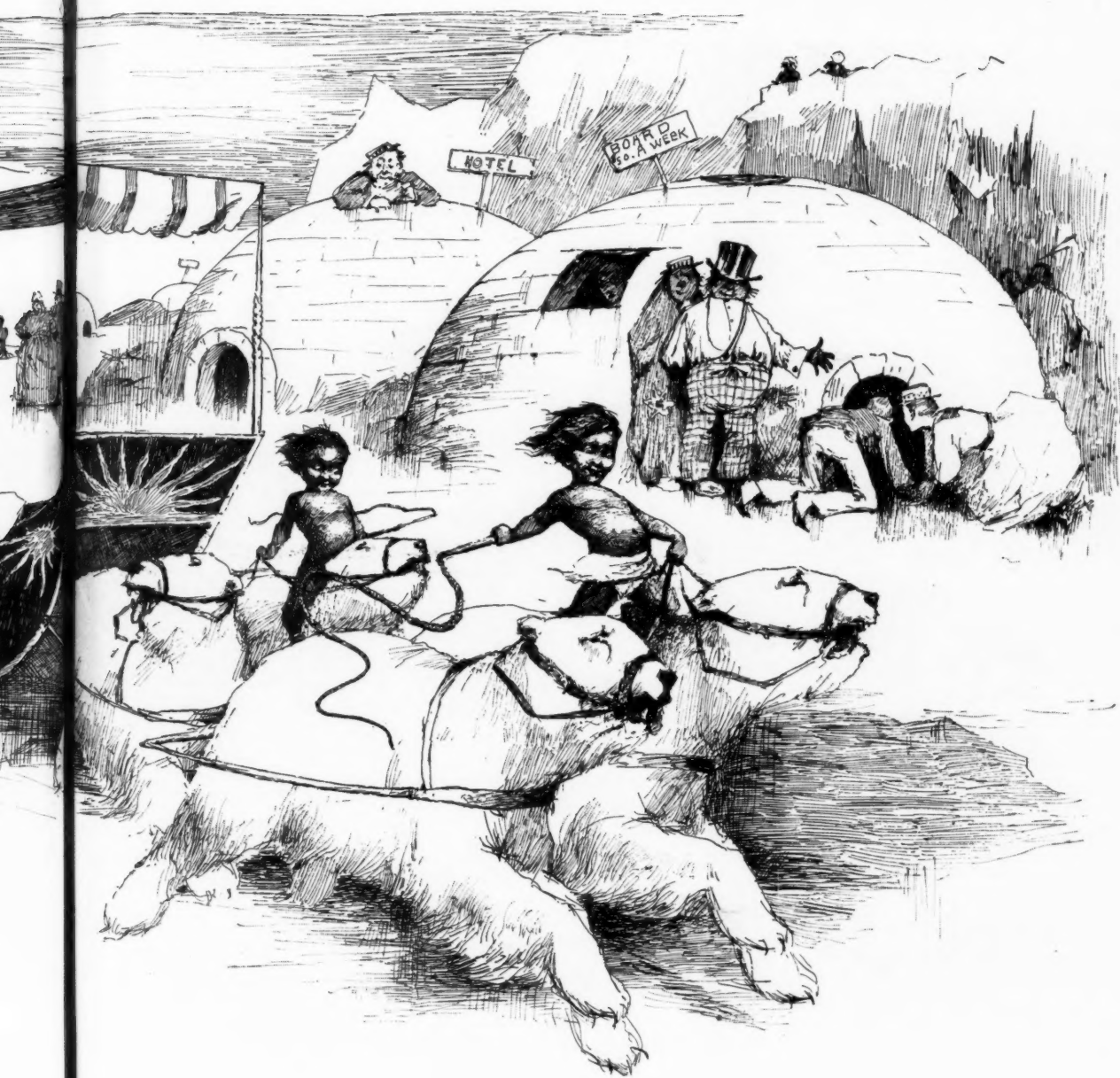


A DREAM OF BLISS.

THE BOOK AGENT'S VISION OF A STATE OF FUTURE BEATITUDE.



IN THE N FU
WHEN WE TRAVEL BY ELECTRICITY SPE



HE FUTURE.

RICITY SPEND OUR SUNDAYS AT THE POLE.



SUMMER STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PARROT.

WE must regard the parrot, dear reader, as one of Nature's practical jokes; and yet, even when she perpetrated the parrot, Nature had an eye to the useful, and many people, maiden ladies particularly, who can get no one else to talk to them, find in the parrot a perfect mine of conversational amusement. To be sure, a parrot's conversation, judged by the purely intellectual standard, does not rank high, but the *naïveté* with which it sometimes says the very thing which its owner thinks might better have been left unsaid atones for its shortcomings in other respects.

Parrots are, of course, particularly adapted to the requirements of apartment houses. One able-bodied parrot, with lungs in good order, is enough to go around in an apartment house, and none of the tenants will complain that they are robbed of their share of parrot. For this use should be selected a parrot that alternately squawks and shrieks, and its cage should be hung where it will be struck by the first rays of the rising sun. Then the owner can sit by the air-shaft and enjoy hearing what the other tenants think about parrots.

A bad little boy once grew tired of hearing his maiden aunt's parrot inform people that it wanted a cracker, so he gave it a cracker. It happened to be a fire-cracker with the fuse lighted, and the parrot laughed with fiendish glee while the bad little boy's maiden aunt applied her slipper where it would do the most good to the bad little boy.

In Nature's scheme, even the parrot may become an instrument of good, and it is recorded that once an Anglo-

manic committed suicide because his parrot insisted on saying "Polly wants a cracker," in spite of all his efforts to make it say "Polly wants a biscuit."

The immoral parrot that has been educated by profane sailors is oftentimes brought into Christian families, where its conversion to piety becomes a work of love. When the young ladies of the family address it as "Pretty Polly," and in return are requested to go to Hades, or to stow their guff, they receive a shock which is one of the best tests to which Christian forbearance can be subjected.

Thus, dear reader, you will see that even the loquacity of the parrot, which, like a good many human beings, often talks of things that he knows nothing about, has its place in Nature's scheme, and, like other apparently useless things, is in reality of great utility. One of the things that a parrot is most useful for is to test the sharpness of a new hatchet purchased for that purpose.

Metcalfe.

MATCHED.

INDIGNANT CABBY (*holding in his palm a trade dollar which he has just received from his fare*): Here, Cap'n, wot d'yer call dis?

FARE: Heads. And heads it is, by gad!

[*Grabs it and escapes.*]

AT THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

MISS SONATA (*to western escort*): Do you know Wagner, Mr. Hamlard?

MR. HAMLARD: No; but I'm well acquainted with Pullman. He lives in Chicago, you know.

BOOMING THE PAPER.

CITIZEN (*to office-boy in counting-room*): Your durned paper had an outrageous attack on me this morning, and—

OFFICE-BOY (*briskly*): Yessir. How many copies will you have?

A CANDIDATE'S TRIALS.

SIMPKINS: I was grieved, Maria, to see Tommie looking over the morning papers to-day.

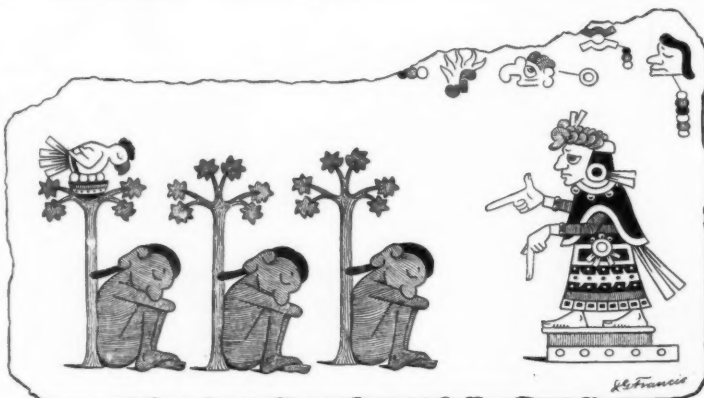
MRS. S.: Why, I can't see what harm it can do the boy to keep informed on the questions of the day.

SIMPKINS: Madame, don't you know that I am running for office? I don't want my son to disown me.

A SHORT STOP.

PASSENGER: Do we stop long enough at the next station to eat a sandwich?

CONDUCTOR: No, sir; we only stop twenty minutes.



AN AZTEC FRAGMENT.

SUPPOSED TO BE A MISSIONARY PREACHING TO NATIVES IN A GROVE.



Boy (breathlessly): OH, DAD! THERE'S A MAN BEEN HERE AND RUN AWAY WITH HER!

Father (in alarm): WHAT! WITH THE COLT?

Boy: NO; WITH MOTHER!

Father (more calmly): OH WALL, HE'LL FETCH *her* BACK.

N.B.—She was a Vassar girl.

“FEATHERS marked down,”
advertises a dealer. That is
dishonest.

A GROUND-HOG—Sausage.

FOOT-LIGHTS—Dancing men.

REFLECTIONS.

THAT is bad news about Uncle Lawrence Jerome. As LIFE goes to press, his departure in the direction of the majority seems imminent. When a very rich man dies, the reflection sometimes comes, “Well, he cannot take his money. That will benefit those that are left.” In Mr. Jerome's case, this consideration affords no solace. It was not the money that he has had that has distinguished him, but the fun. Thousands of men have had more money, but very few have had so much fun. But, though he has had so much, it will not happen when he ceases to enjoy himself on earth that there will be any more fun here for any one else. Rather less. Which shows one distinction between fun and money.

* * *

THERE has been much this past week to remind us of our mortality. Uncle Larry's illness, General Sheridan's death, Mr. Garrett's renewed indisposition, and the demise of the customary myriads of unknown persons in less comfortable circumstances. It is pleasant under these conditions to notice the distinguished stand made against the common enemy by Colonel George L. Perkins, of Norwich.

Colonel Perkins was one hundred years old on the 5th of August, and though happily removed from the necessity of sawing wood, chewing tobacco, and performing other of the laborious tasks affected by centenarians, he is a robust and active gentleman, and is unique in being the only railroad man of his age in active service. He has been treasurer of a railroad down in Connecticut ever since it was built, fifty years ago. He remembers distinctly when General Washington died, and is even said to recollect when the jokes in London *Punch* were comparatively new. He is a wonderful old man, and a credit and encouragement to his sex.



A CONEY ISLAND BREAKER.



OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

Helen: OH, ETHEL! THERE'S A MAN-OF-WAR COMING DIRECTLY TOWARD US.

Ethel: DO LET ME TAKE THE GLASS! I HAVE BEEN HERE SIX WEEKS AND IT IS THE FIRST MAN OF ANY KIND I HAVE SEEN.

MRS. KELLNER, of Alabama, flavored her ice-cream with laudanum in place of vanilla, and found that it went down successfully with her friends.

Whereby it seems the way is opened for alleviating much of the misery incident to Sunday-school picnics, and for ameliorating the experiences of wall-flowers in secular life.

* * *

JUST ridicule has overtaken the recent English visitor to America, who is reported by the *Tribune* as saying:

"The poor are discontented because they cannot enjoy the good things which wealth alone can buy; the wealthy are discontented because they have enjoyed all these good things, and find them flat, stale and unprofitable; while the moderately well-to-do are discontented because they have neither the social freedom enjoyed by the poor nor the social consideration paid to the rich."

What this British person has observed in this country he will find at home and in every prosperous community he visits. He need not complain of it, because it is incident to human life. Let him look on the bright side and reflect how great a consolation it is to the poor that the rich are not perfectly happy, and what solace the rich find in the conviction that though money does not satisfy they are no worse off for having it. As for the well-to-do, if they give up their social freedom and get nothing in return, the more fools they.

E. S. M.

AN UNPARDONABLE SIN.

SUPERINTENDENT (*of bobtail horse-car line*): The driver of No. 75 ran over an old lady to-day, and broke her arm.

PRESIDENT: Well, people ought to be more careful.

SUPERINTENDENT: And the amount of money in the box indicates that he is careless about fares.

PRESIDENT: Wha-at? Discharge him at once!

A SON OF THE OLD MAN.

BUNCO-STEERER (*to stranger*): Isn't this Mr. Stag-gles, of Staggetown?

STRANGER: Yep.

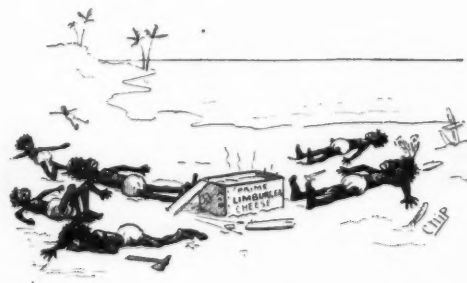
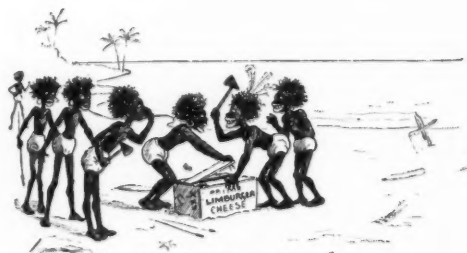
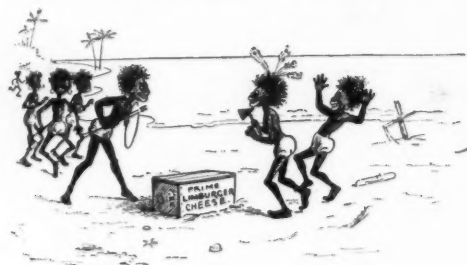
BUNCO-STEERER: I guess you don't remember me; I'm Sam Waffles, son of William Waffles.

STRANGER: Wha-at? Are you Bill Waffles's son? Why, Sam, I'm gosh durned ef I ain't glad to see you! How long you ben out?

BUNCO-STEERER: Been out?

STRANGER: Yep; the only son old Bill Waffles ever had was sent up five year fer hoss stealin'.

THE UNTUTORED SAVAGE.





TRUTH.

PERMIT me, madam, to declare
That I never will compare
Eyes of yours to Starlight cold,
Or your locks to Sunlight's gold,
Or your lips, I'd have you know,
To the crimson Jacqueminot.

Stuff like that's all very fine
When you get so much a line;
Since I don't, I scorn to tell
Flattering lies. I like too well
Sun and Star and Jacqueminot
To flatter them, I'd have you know.

—O. H., in Time.

"ETHEL," asked a Lewiston mother of her daughter as the fair young girl sat down at a late breakfast in her morning gown, "did George leave any package for me last evening?" Ethel blushed and said falteringly: "Why, no, mamma! What made you ask?" "Oh, nothing; I only heard him say at the door as he said good-bye, 'Now, here is one more for your mother,' and I didn't know but it was that pattern for lace lambrequins that his mother has promised me." Ethel said nothing.—*Lewiston Journal*.



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Tint.

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YOUNG MAN (to tailor): I must have that suit at eight o'clock to-night, sure, Snipper, for the Twillingham ball; no mistake.

SNIPPER: All right, sir.

YOUNG MAN: And what if it shouldn't fit?

SNIPPER: I'm to be a guest at the Twillingham ball myself, sir, and should the suit need any little alterations I can make them there.

—*London Tit-Bits*.

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LIEUTENANT (waking up): Donnerwetter! Already ten o'clock! John, why did you not wake me when I ordered?

JOHN: I have already wakened you several times, but perhaps you have not heard me.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"WHAT were the last words of Brigham Young?" asked the teacher.

"He never had any," replied the smart bad boy; "he was a married man."—*Burdette*.

MARY: Don't you dislike to have a man talk shop when he comes to see you?

JENNIE: Indeed I do! Who's been talking shop to you?

MARY: Oh, my young man. He's a street-car conductor, you know, and nearly every time he comes to see me he gets off his shop talk.

JENNIE: What does he say?

MARY: Sit closer, please!—*Burlington Free Press*.

"I'm very glad to have been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman. But what made you send for me instead of your own minister?"

"Well, sir, it's typhus my poor husband's got, and we dinna think it just reet for our ain minister to run the risk!"—*London Punch*.

SHE: Were you at Saratoga last season, Mr. Van Couver?

MR. VAN COUVER (a nine-dollar-a-week clerk): Aw—no; I spent last summer—er—abroad.

SHE: Why, so did I, Mr. Van Couver, and the mosquitoes were something terrible, particularly about Bergen Point.—*Accident News*.

A PHILADELPHIA citizen while trying to get out of the way of a horse that was standing still was run over and killed.—*The Epoch*.



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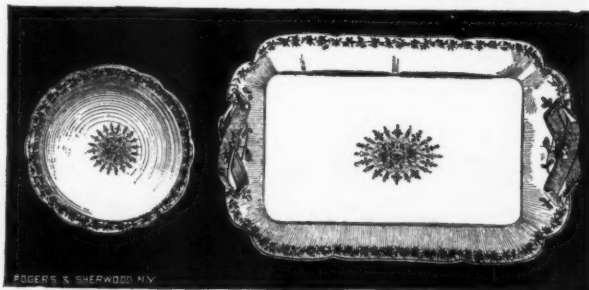
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